**READ THE SUNDAY WORLD** AN OLD AFRICAN SLAVE-TRADER TELLS HIS EXPE-RIENCES IN THE AWEUL TRAFFIC, AND DECLARES THAT SLAVERY CAN

NEVER BE STOPPED,

PRICE ONE CENT.

NEW YORK, SATURDAY, MAY 4, 1889.

PRICE ONE CENT.

Dramatic Story of an Innocent Man Who Served Three Years in Prison.

An ex-Convict Who Wants His Name Cleared That He May Become an American Citizen

The Real Criminal Met Face to Face in Sing Sing by His Victim.

A Sworn Confession Witnessed by the Prison Chaplain.

. The Evening World " Asked to Help Remove the Stain.

Reporters Find Evidence That Proves His Story True.

All the Documents Are Now in the Hands of the Governor.

The Hard Lot of John Meyer, a German Lad, Who Yearned for Free America.

"The Evening World" presents herewith one of the most extraordinary cases of apparent miscarriage of justice that has been rought to light for years.

John Meyer, an ex-convict, his full term of sentence having been served, asks for the vindication of his character. He asks it on the ground of entire inne-

cence of the crime for which he served his time in Sing Sing.;

He asks it because he wishes to remove the stain from his good name, especially

witnessed, is in the bands of Gov. Hill. Motters from Warden Brush, from the Chaplain of Sing Sing, from Meyer's former employer and other documents of much importance, as indicating his innocence, have been secured by reporters of this paper,

"The Evening World," after exceedingly areful investigation of all the circumtauces of this case, is, with Warden Brush, thoroughly convinced of John Meyer's inne

And, as is the simple duty of " The Evening World," it will help him, as lies within its power, to the vindication of character that

he seeks. Ed.

"John Meyer, ex-convict."

This was on the card sent to THE EVENING World office. The man who followed it when told to come up was tall, well-built and frank of countenance. He held his head up in a half determined way, but there was a pitiable look of deflance in his blue eyes and here were traces of despair in his face.

He wore the rough charity garments given to convicts when leaving Auburn Prison. "I am John Meyer," he said simply.

was released from the Auburn Prison yesterday. I was imprisoned three years for a crime I never committed. In 1886 I was accused of stealing jewelry from my employer. I never did it, but appearances were against me. I was tried and convicted and sentenced to four years' imprisonment. I got one year off by good conduct."

" And now you want "---" To clear my name, to enable myself to become an American citizen. I was entirely unocent of the crime."

"THE EVENING WORLD will look into your case, and, if the facts are as you say, it will help you," he was told.

He burst into tears, and laying his nead on his arms on the desk in front of him he sobbed like a little child.

Here is the extraordinary story of John

In the German city of Munich John Meyer was born on the 25th of February, 1865. His

father was the colonel of a cavalry regiment

and brothers and enter the army as soon as possible. A younger brother, with the same end in view, was studying at the same insti-

end in view, was studying at the same insu-tution.

John was well read and the history of America had a peculiar fascination for him.

He read it and pondered on it so con-stantly that he finally determined to leave the Fatherland, come to America, enter West Point Military Academy and ultimately achieve what success and distinction he could in our regular army.



When be made his determination known at home his plans met with great opposition from his lather and brothers, but his kindly, gentle-faced old mother declared that while

gentic-faced old mother declared that while she would miss her boy his wishes should not be thwarted, and that if he wished to come, to America he should do so. At last he gained his father's consent. The old soldier also loved his son well, and it was the dread of seeing him go off alone to a dis-tant land more than anything else that had kept him from readily giving his permission at first

When he did consent, however, he equipped John with a good wardrobe, gave him a fair amount of money and bade him "God-

speed."

The whole American population were honoring the natat day of George Washington, when the good ship Baltimore, sixteen days out from Hamburg, glided slowly up to her dock in the city of Baltimore, on the 22d of February, 1881. Among the first of her cabin passengers to disembark was John Meyer, a more stripling, but with the fire of ambition in his blue eyes and a sturdy reliance on his own powers of making his way in the world.

ance on his own powers of making his way in the world.

He went to a hotel, where he expected to be joined soon by a cousin from the West. But he was generous, easily gulled, and his money—he had nearly \$1,000—was got from him. Then he did not know what to do. He could not stay and meet his relative in his penniless condition, and he was too proud to write heme to his parents telling them of his predicament, as it would involve the necessity of making known to them his foolishness.

Sadly he was obliged to put off his contemplated sojourn in West Point, but went bravely to work to earn money enough to pay his way there, if possible.

For four months and a half he did odd jobs around Baltimore, but could not save a cent.

Becoming disheartened he determined to return home, and with that object in view secured a situation in the first kitchen of an outward bound steamer going to Germany.

It was the Baltimore the agency and the server was the seamer and with the server was the seamer and the server was the seamer was the seamer and the server was the seamer was the seamer and the server was the seamer was the seamer

secured a situation in the first kitchen of an outward bound steamer going to Germany. It was the Bakimore, the same on which he had arrived so cheerfully only a few months before. But when the shores of Germany came in sight again his pride interfered, and gritting his teeth he determined that he would never go home in that condition.

He stepped ashore at Hamburg and went to work a rose to rain a man of returning to

American citizenship.

The evidence in his favor is most exceptionally strong, if not altogether and beyond peradventure conclusive.

The confession of the real criminal, exon-

A man was wanted in the big pork-packing establishment of Keller & Son, on the corner of Sixteenth street and Ninth avenue, and an advertisement was inserted in a newspaper. The first man to apply for the position was

John Meyer, fresh from the bosom of old ocean. They like his appearance, and he was engaged at la salary of \$10 a week. So began his career in New York.

He was a saving lad, but ever ready to share his little all with an unfortunate or needy comrade. Needless to say he was frequently victimized.

One of the men he met and assisted, while one of the men he met and assisted, while in the employment of Keller & Son, was a young German named Charles Hoffman.

Hoffman asked him repeatedly for the loan of small sums of money which he generally got, but never repaid. Meyer took quite a a fancy to him and they were good friends while John remained there, but when he left he lost sight of Hoffman for nearly three

left he lost sight of Hollman for hearly three years.

Meantime Meyer worked for a bologna maker at 34 Forsyth street, with a man named Kyle, on Forty-fifth street, between First and Second avenue, and at Far Mockaway as a general hand for Joseph Froehlich, the wholesale and retail wine and liquor merchant at 214 and 216 Graham avenue, Brook-

yn. Mr. Froehlich has two cottages at Far Rockaway, and Meyer gardened there and drove Mr. Froehlich's carriage when neces

This was in the Summer season of 1885, and

This was in the Summer season of 1885, and Meyer remained with Mr. Froehlich until near December of that year.

Mr. Froehlich had no more work for him and let him go.

Meyer returned to New York City and went to work in a small butcher store on Tenth avenue, between Twenty-ninth and Thirtieth

He was there three months and over, when He was there three months and over, when he desired to change and went to work for Isaac Acker, at 355 West Thirty-eighth street, on March 9, 1856. Acker had just been married. He agreed to give Meyer \$4 a week. This meagrely salary was accepted by Meyer, as he noped when he had made himself useful it would be increased to a respectable flatter.

The secondaday he was in his new place Meyer was standing at the door when he was surprised to see his whilom friend. Hoff-man, washing a carriage in front of a livery

Meyer, as told by himself. It has been care-about old times. Hoftman asked Meyer how much he was stable adjoining.

He hailed him and the men had a long chat

was getting a week.

"Four dollars." he replied.

"You're a fool to work for that money," said Hoffman.
Hoffman had assimilated more with the

in the German army. He has or had three years ago two brothers in the German army, but his father had then been retired and was engaged in the stock brokerage business and is a wealthy man.

At the age of fifteen John Meyer was attending a militaryjacademy in Munich, expecting to follow the example of his father and brothers and enter the army as soon as and brothers and enter the army as soon as the would leave.

he would leave.

Mrs. Acker asked him not to leave until after Monday, so that her husband would have a chance of getting another man, and he agreed, unfortunately, to stay for one day more. He met Hoffman that night and told him that he was going to leave Acker next day.

day.

"Good boy," said Hoffman.

About 2 o'clock on Monday afternoon
Meyer was coming up out of the cellar when
he saw Mrs. Acker going into the store with
some wood in her arms, as if she had been to
the grocery store.

He went in after her and said:
"I will go now and change my shirt Mrs.

"I will go now and change my shirt, Mrs. Acker, so as to be ready for the customers this evening."
It was Acker's rule that his help should al-

It was Acker's rule that his help should always look clean.

"Very well, John," said Mrs. Acker, and Meyer started for his boarding-house at 452 West Forty-fifth street.

Two minutes after leaving the little butcher store he met Hoffman, who said:

"John, I was just going to look for you. I have got another job for you. Come on,"

"I cannot go now. I promised Mrs. Acker to wait until Mr. Acker got another man," said the young German.

"Oh, pshaw! come with me, I tell you! You will lose this chance if you don't."

"Where is it?" asked Meyer, doubtfully.

"In Kyle's on Forty-fith street, between First and Second avenues," answered Hoffman.

Meyer had worked for Kyle before, He knew it was a pretty good place. The upshot of the matter was that

Meyer had worked for hyle before.

He knew it was a pretty good place.

The upshot of the matter was that he decided to go see about the job.

On the way over Hoffman talked volubly to his companion, and finally asked Meyer to buy a saver watch which he showed him.

"How much do you want for it?" inquired Meyer. "Two dollars."

"Where did you get it?" was the next question.

'Oh, a relative of mine in Germany died and left me a few hundred dodars. I invested the greater part of it in jewelry. I am hard up now, and am trying to dispose of it."

Mever in all innocence believed him, and bought the watch. He had about \$7. On Third avenue Hoffman took out another silver watch which he said he was going to pawn. He did pawn it, getting \$2.50 for it. Coming out of the pawnshop he handed the ticket to Myer, saying: "Here, John, I will make you a present of this.

It was the first time Meyer ever saw a pawnticket, and he asked:
"What good is it?"

'Oh, you can get that watch by presenting a quarter and the money which the ticket calls for," explained Hoffman.

Meyer laughed and said that as he already had one watch he did not want another, but Hoffman insisted that he should keep the ticket.

'Yery well, then," said Meyer. "I will "Where did you get it?" was the next

ticket.

"Very well, then," said Meyer, "I will give it to some friend of mine."

The couple then went to Kyle's. Mr. Kyle was not in. Mrs. Kyle told Meyer to come around next day and see Mr. Kyle, who would next day and see Mr. Kyle, who would

around next day and see Mr. Kyle, who would probably give him the place.

Meyer felt very good over this, and consented to do downtown with Hoffman. They rode in a Third avenue street-car as far as Bleecker street, where, at Hoffman's suggestion, they alighted. Reaching the sidewalk, Hoffman drew out of his pocket a pretty gold watch and chain and remarked: "Isn't that a heanty?"

a beauty?"
"Yes," said Meyer, "are you going to

"Yes," said Meyer, "are you going to pawn that, too?"
"No, I am going to sell this. Come on."
They went into a store where Hoffman could only get \$18 for the watch and chain. He would not sell it for that. Still accompanied by Meyer he went into another store on the Bowery, between Houston and Bleecker streets, where he disposed of the

They left the place and walked down the Bowery to a concert saloon below Bayard street, where they had a class of beer.

Then Hoffman said to Meyer:

You wait here. I want to go around the corner for fifteen minutes."
"All right." said the unsuspecting Meyer, and they separated, to meet next in Sing Sing under far different circumstances.

Never had a man theen more easily or unsuspectingly saddled with evidences of a crime than was poor Meyer.

After Hoffman left him Meyer sat at a table patiently awaiting his companion's return. He waited an hour for Hoffman. Two hours, and he came not. Nine o'clock had just sounded when an under-sized little man, dark complexioned, rushed into the concert hall, peering eagerly, hungrily around. Suddealy he shouted:

"Ah! there he is." Then, rushing up to the startled Meyer, he continued:

"Thief! give me my property-my gold watch and chain and my silver watch." Poor Meyer was too dumfounded to speak Acker, for it was he, spoke in English, and o Meyer this language then was almost unintelligible. When he did catch the drift of the accusation he vehemently deried all

knowledge of the crime. A policeman—Stutt was his name—was called in, and Meyer was lugged off to the station-house.

There the fatal pawn-ticket was found on him. That settled it. Not one man in a thousand but would think him guilty, and so the sergeant at the deak dismissed the matter with the usual order, "Send him down," meaning "Take him to a cell." The raw German lad slevt little that night.

By 9 o'clock next morning he was hustled off to the Essex Market Police Court.

'It was too clear a case to take much trouble with," said the policeman who ar-rested Meyer. "He denied the crime to me trouble with," said the policeman who arrested Meyer. "He denied the crime to me first, but before we got to the station-house he admitted that he stole the property."

That more than settled the case. Meyer now states that without even going through the formality of asking him if he were guilty or not, the clerk used to such cases signed on an affidavit paper. "I am guilty." and then it was shoved to him to sign. He had no interpreter to explain to him, no lawyer to defend him. He did as he was told—he signed the paper, and two minutes later was standing before a judge, who hardly gianced at him, but said:

"Pleads guilty, eh? Fifteen hundred dollars bail for trial."

Meyer was sent to the Tombs. He was not

dollars ball for trial."
Meyer was sent to the Tombs. He was not a famous murderer. He was only a mean thief. He was looked down upon with contempt even by the high-tened criminals in the Tombs. He was alone in this free land of which he had dreamed such great things. Worse than all, he knew he was innocent of the crime with which he was charged.

He cried: "I am innocent. Let me out of

here!" The turnkey laughed derisively. Taking [Continued on Third Page.]

HARRISON NEPOTISM. TRAIN

Own Brother to Public Office.

of the Nation.

A Claim That the Appointment Was He Will Take a Cup of Strong Coffee Expert Accountants Carefully Trying Made in Spite of the Relationship.

ISPECIAL TO THE EVENING WORLD 1. Washington, May 4. - Republican papers and politicians assert that Carter B. Harrison's appointment to the United States Marshalship for the Middle District of Tennessee was put forth in spite of the fact that the appointee is the President's brother, and not because of that

It is declared that there was no other candidate for the position, and that Mr. Harrison was recommended for the place by all the prominent Republicans of East Tennessee, as well as by a host of business men, without regard to their political affiliations.

Many of these papers and recommendations are said to have been voluntarily sent to Senator Quay, who mailed them to Gen. Harrison at Indianapolis before the imaguration, with a letter expressing the hope that the President, when the time came, would make this appointment, and the fact that Mr. carrison was his brother would not be allowed to militate against him.

But in the face of all this apologetic protest

him.

But in the face of all this apologetic protest it remains that the appointment is a most extraordinary one and, as an act of nepotism, without a parallel in the history of the nation. Against the statement that there was no contest for the place is put the declaration that when it once became known that Carter Harrison was after the office no one entered the race, since it was regarded as sure that no one else would stand a chance against the brother of the President.

The new Marshal is forty-eight years old and is a Major, having acquired that rank in the Union army during the war.

He has lived for many years at Murfreesboro and is a good Republican.

The President has another brother still.

This other one lives in Kansas City.

There has arisen since the Tennessee appointment not a little verbal speculation as to how this brother will be provided for.

Such speculation is probably wasted. The Ransas City Harrison is a Democratic black sheep in this Republican family. It is more than likely that his political affiliations will outweigh his fraternal claims.

Yesterday was a good day for another of President Harrison's friends, as well as for his brother, etae the appointment of D. S. Alexanders, once prominently named as possible private secretary, to be District-Attorney for the Northern District of New York.

And, by the bye, the Clayton who was appointed to be United States District-Attorney for his series of front names, William Henry Harrison.

FUN BY THE WHOLESALE, Bill Nye corps of other humorists give the public plenty

Batfour Is Losing His Grip, Mr. T. P. O'Conor Dectares in The SUNDAY WORLD.

READY FOR THE WORD "GO."

FOR NEXT WEEK'S BIG RACE. Preparations are all complete for the big inter-

national go-as-you-please pedestrian race which commences at midnight to-morrow in Madison Square Garden, probably the last one that will ever be held in the old building.

Billy O'Brien, the manager of the race, ex-

presses the laudable resolve to make this the ost noteworthy contest of the kind that he ever occurred at the Garden. Thirty board huts, fifteen feet square, have

been erected at the Fourth avenue end. Half of been erected at the Fourth avenue end. Half of them are beside the track and the rest back of it. There are further accommodations for the walkers upstairs. All the buts will be fitted with the latest improvements, including gas. Mr. O'Brien supplies each but with two single beds, and each "ped" will be allowed three attendants.

The track, which is exactly eight laps to the mile, is composed of loam as the foundation, a layer of tanbark above this and sawdust atop of all. It is nine feet wide, with six-inch boards on the sides.

ne sides. A feature of the race which will be appreciated A feature of the race which will be appreciated by both walkers and spectators will be Hayne's Sixty-ninth Regiment Band of sixty pieces. It will be divided into two reliefs of thirty pieces, so that the lively music which does so much to inspire the flazging tanbark trotters and to keep awake the drowsy onlookers who remain in the Garden from start to fluish shall be kept up almost continually.

The high canonical who is to start the doughty racers on their 142 hours tramp has not yet been definitely settled on. There are rumors that John L. Sullivan, the great Bostonian, will shad the rays of his illustrious presence on the starters, and that he will utter the magic word, "Go!"

The following is a complete list of entries: Dan O'Leary, Dan Herty, Hegelman, Golden,

ers, and that he will utter the marie word, "Go!"
The following is a complete list of entries:
Dan O'Leary, Dan Herty, Hegelman, Golden,
Lovett, Redding, Dan Burns, Horan, Sullivan,
Davis, Dwyer, Burk, Kempt, Cartwright, Connor, Ray, Griffin, Charlie Smith, P. Smith, W.
Smith, Day, Hibberd, Blair, Spicer, McGovern,
Noremac, Hughes, O'Mara, King, Casterau,
Serfert, Zehg, Machiran, Leech, Malone, Tracey, Red Rover, Glick, Fitzgerald's Unknown,
Fraser, Kristoffersen,
Howard, Miller, Carpenter, Archie Sinclair
and Maloney.

Flours Out the Puzzles in The SUNDAY WORLD.

Strange Mourner at His Funeral. A mysterious mourner attracted attention a the funeral of Travis C. Van Buren in Grace Church yesterday. As the coffin was borne up the aisle she passed swiftly in front of the pall-bearers and kept close to the coffin until the street was reached. Then she walked quickly away. She was a blonde, dressed in deep mourn-ing and closely veiled. The Van Buren family do not know her.

Sporting Men Keep Themselves au Courant by Reading THE SUNDAY WORLD.

Concerts in the Purks.

To-day the season of music in the parks begins good earnest. At 3 o'clock this afternoon Cappa's Seventh Regiment Band will give a oncert on the Central Park Mall, including some of Mozart's, Sullivan's, Strauss's and Braham's most tuneful pieces. To-morrow afternoon Cappa's band will give another con-cert ou the Mall, beginning at 3 o'clock.

CHAMPACNE BOOMERS. Some Interestthe agents who drink and advertise their employers' brands in very peculiar ways. Read the big SUNDAY WORLD.

Their Tastes in the Great SUNDAY WORLD. BRADYCROYINE for headache is now the uni-

All the Seven Ages of Man May Find Matter to

## BRACES UP. ELUSIVE

The Appointment of the President's He Begins His Sixteenth Fast Day Centennial People Puzzled Over a Somewhat Stronger.

Evening.

Before Going on the Stage.

The philosopher of Madison Square began his sixteenth day of fast this morning. His boutonnière looked worse than he did, "I feel better than I ever did," he exclaimed o the reporter. "I am not hungry, nor week.

I feel better than ever."

This astonishing remark reemed true, for the faster's voice, skin, eyes and tongue all revealed a fresh condition, and when the reporter ook George's pulse it was seventy!

This after yesterday's weakness. He attribites it to the psycho's victory over the demons. On the bureau was a little package of graham crackers and a bottle of cologue. They were

crackers and a bottle of cologne. They were left with Mr. Train last night by his daughter, who called on her fasting parent last night at 8 o'clock and remained till 10.

"No I couldn't get shaved nor get my hair cut," said Mr. Train, "as I intended. I will get it cut this morning."

George, shorn of his silver aureola of hair, will look quite another. Miss Train wishes him to eat some of the crackers before he lectures to-morrow evening. The sage says he won't cat anything, but simply drink a cup of strong coffee. He will also ruminate in cocoa leaves Sunday afternoon.

He will also riminate in cocoa leaves cannot afternoon.

Psycho's florist sent him the most extraordinary note yesterday. It was written with ink on the creamy caivy of a huge calla iily. The florist has received orders for thirty bouquets which Mr. Train's saite of histrionic inventies will be decorated with Sunday night.

"Are you thinking over your lecture a good deal, Mr. Train?"

"No, the citizen replied, with a low laugh, "I am not thinking about it at all. But I will show up the whole thing. There il be a run on the savings banks. There is no money in them."

the savings banks. There is no money in them."

'Why, where is it? exclaimed the reporter.

'Gonid!" Psycho retorted in a stentorian voice that echoed through the room. 'I'm sorry Mile, He Vers, who is going to be Patti's successor, and whom I knew in Florence, won't be able to sing at the lecture, as she has an engagement in Pittsburg. But there will be a good deal of talent there beside myself." Mr. Train continued in his artless, breezy way, 'Prof. Watson will play 'Yankee Boodle' on Ole Bull's violin, which was bequeathed to him."

'Did you go in the park and did you take your bath yesterday? inquired the reporter.

'Went in the park, but it was late and I saw no children. I didn't take a bath. I thought it was too soon after my attack. But I am so weil to-day that I shall take a Turkish bath this evening.

well to-day that I shall take a Turaba bath this evening.

Mr. Train is indisposed to abandon his fast, He thinks he is evolving the greatest of problems, and that death and starvation are being sent to the eternal bow-wows.

A box of fresh boutonnières arrived at this moment from Mr. Beebus, and, casting aside the withered nosegay on his lapel, Mr. Train jauntily inserted a La France rose and sprig of mignonette, and freshened up on the spot. He bectowed a pass to his lecture on the florist's boy, in appreciation of his advent with the flowers.

boy, in appreciation of his advent with the flowers.

Mr. Train was a trifle down in the mouth over the coming sale of the house in which he passed his married life, which by order of Mr. Davis, his deceased father-in-law, is to come nuder the hammer this month.

Psycho was not weighed yesterday, which was an off day generally. But he feels lighter and better.

"If I had gained a few pounds more I would have immped into the sea. Suicidal mania is adipose."

There is no telling when the distinguished Psycho may end his fast. A man who can pass from weakness to strength in twenty-four hours without any sustenance is a little incalculable.

"Why are you out with the Centennial?" in-MADISON SQUARE GARDEN ALL FIXED UP

"Why are you out with the Centennial?" in-quired the reporter.
"Because they covered up my friend and consin, Farragut, sat down on Gen. Worth and shut out my oldest and best friend, Seward, who are my companions in Madison Square. I am as bronzed as they are and I'm alive and they are not." they are not."
"Well, good morning, citizen. Be good to yourself;" and the reporter took his leave.

# THE MYSTERY OF A PENDANT

LOST AT THE HOTEL BRISTOL .-- A \$250 RE-

WARD IS OFFERED.

Who lost the diamond pendant? The Hotel Bristol, Forty-second street and Fifth avenue, has a mystery within its walls and the mouths of all its people are sealed tight. A diamond sun pendant, said to be worth thousands of dollars 'has mysteriously disap-

A gold chain went along with the valuable trinket.

Its disappearance called forth the following advertisement to-day:

\$250 HEWARD-Lost or mislaid from a room at Hotel Bristel, a diamond sun pendant, with gold chain. The above reward will be paid by leaving it at fiftany & to, a diamond counter.

An EVENING WORLD reporter called at the Hettel Bristel this morning. He was confronted at the deak by an immaculate individual known as the clerk.

"Good morning," cheerfully said the reporter.

porter.

No answer was given to this greeting.

"Will you be kind enough to tell me whether this is the Hotel Bristol wherein the diamond pendant was lost?" asked the reporter, showing the advertisement.

Seventeen long seconds were ticked by the clock when the clerk finally drawled out a "yass."

"Who lost it?"
"I really don't know."
"I really don't know." ors ?"
Young man, all the information you can get here is embodied right in that advertisement. We have nothing further to say."
All other efforts to gain any information were fruitless, and the reporter went to Tiffany &

Here Supt. Hyde was found. He said: "A ustomer of ours asked permission to advertise

customer of ours asked permission to advertise his loss from here."

"Who is the customer?"

"I don't know."

"I don't know."

"I don't know."

This is the mystery. It is admitted that the diamonds have disappeared and are very valuable, but who took them, or how, when or where did they disappear? THE SUNDAY WORLD Tells of Men Who Drink

Seven Quarts of Champague a Day.

Cut His Wife's Throat. Conors, May 4, -At 6 o'clock this morning Samuel Dunn, five months from England, cut

A Stave Hunter's Story of His Bloodthirsty Business in THE SUNDAY WORLD. Nervousness and Dyspepsia Cured By Carten's Little Liven Pills. 25 cents.

Shadowy \$60,000.

An Act Without Parallel in the History Ready for His Great Lecture To-Morrow Only \$30,000 Accounted for the Sale of Grand-Stand Seats.

to Unravel the Tangle.

Centennial committeemen were astir uptown and downtown at an early hour this morning There were lots of things to attend to, not the least of which was to find out where all the money which should have come in from the sale

of grand stand tickets had gone. The gentlemen who had charge of the selling of seats say they only received about \$30,000 from this source, while the expert accountant have sharpened their pencils and figured it out that there ought to be at least \$60,000 more somewhere, and its mysterious disappearance is

somewhere, and its mysterious disappearance is causing a good deal of disturbance in the minds of the Committee.

Col. S. V. R. Cruger, of the Army Committee, called his assistants together at the Fifth Avenue Hotel this morning. He was reticent as to the reports in circulation about the discrepancy, and would only say that he thought everything would be found all as straight as a string when they got to the bottom of the account.

The Committee on retiring to its private room at once plunged into a mass of figures, accounts and bills, and would not be interupted by outside inquirers. At last accounts the missing \$60,000 had successfully cluded all efforts made to capture it.

side inquirers. At last accounts the missing wow, 000 had successfully cluded all efforts made to capture it.

The headquarters in the Stewart Building will probably be kept open for a month longer, or more, if necessary, in order to close up all the business connected with the Centennial.

The Committee on Plan and Scope had a meeting there this morning with closed doors. Commodore Gerry was one of the first to show up. He was attired in his usual street costume, which included a heavy fur-lined pea-jacket and a seal-skin cap with thick, for ear-lappets.

He had the lappets down when he came in, for the weather has been very cold in Ceatennial circles since The McAllister got back to town. He received such a warm greeting from Stuy Fish, that he turned them up.

Secretary Bowen, who is looking rather tired and worn out after his heroic exertions during the three days' celebration, came in soon after with Chairman Hamilton and loined the party of two behind the screen.

The general topic of discussion was the letter written by Secretary Gouverneur Morris, of the Entertanment Committee, 'doing up' Mr. McAllister in great shape, It is understood that this letter was unofficial and only purported to represented Mr. Morris's own views of the situation.

Both Mr. Gerry and Mr. Fish admitted that

situation.

Both Mr. Gerry and Mr. Fish admitted that it was a strong presentation of their side of the case, that they could not have done better if they had tried, and it was accordingly adopted by a unanimous vote as the official expression of all the anti-McAllister members of the Com-

of all the anti-McAllister members of the Committee.

Mr. McAllister declines to carry the controversy any further, and says he is willing to let the public decide as to the justice and righteousness of his cause.

"They called me the caterer for the committe at first and now they say I haven't brains enough to supervise a peanut stand. Well, let them call me names as much as they please if it relieves their feelings. So long as they adopted all my plans and suggestions for the banquet, which was the only successful part of the whole entertainment. I can afford to let them scoff.

The Plan and Scope Committee at its meeting issued orders to all the heads of sub-committees to send in their reports at the earliest moment, so that there might be no further delay in ascertaining just where they stood financially.

A MYSTERIOUS BOARDER. Hone Hattle otorious adventuress of Europe, spent her last days in a cheup New York boarding-house. See

the SUNDAY WORLD. TRUANT JIMMY JOHNSON.

He Didn't Like Church and School and Ran Away from Home.

R AN AWAY FROM HOME—James Johnson, aged pants, black stockings, laced shoes, tweed jacket, left home on Sunday, April 28. Any information thank-fully received at 47 Front st., Brookiya. " Have you heard anything of Jimmy ?" wa the question which Mrs. O'Neill put in anxious tones to The Evening World reporter who

called at 47 Front street, Brooklyn, this morn-The missing boy she explained was her orphan nephew and had lived with her for three years. He left home last Sunday morning to go to church, but played truant and has not been seen

dince.

He disliked church and school, and is supposed to have come to New York. No End of Fun in THE SUNDAY WORLD'S

CHAMPAGNE BOOMERS. Some Interestthe agents who drink and advertise their employers' brands in very peculiar ways. Read th

big SUNDAY WORLD. LOST SIGMUND GROSS,

Mysterious Disappearance of a Four-Year-The father of four-year-old Sigmund Gross reported at Police Headquarters this morning that his child had been missing since last Thurs

Mr. Gross and his family arrived in this city from Benham, Tex., last Thursday, and went to the house of Mr. Henry E. Weissmann, 103
East One Hundred and Twenty-fifth street.
Sigmund, who was playing in front of the
house with his little consin, suddenly disappeared and has not been seen since.
A general alarm has been sent out.

A MYSTERIOUS BOARDER. -Hore Hattie a notorious adventuress of Europe, spent her last tans in a cheap New York boarding-house. See the SUNDAY WORLD.

At Clifton Monday. INFECIAL TO THE EVENING WORLD. I
RACE TRACE, CLIFTON, N. J., May 4.—Clifton ntries for Monday. May 6:

catrice for Monday, May 9:

First Race-Parse 2:50; selling allowances; fivesightle of a mile, -6; n. Gordon, 112; Kingsford, 112;
Woodstork, 112; Lew Huneman, 113; Aura, 111;
Stamber, 107; Anamoly, 110 lb.
Second Race-Parse 2:50; one mile and a quarter,
Charler Russell, 110; Addison, 110; Woodsen, 110;
Georgie W. 110, Night Shed, 110; Dick Turpin, 100;
Windors: Hardship, 100; Glenbar, 100 lb.
Fourth Race-Parse 5:500; one mile and a sixteenth,
Ton Booker, 1:20; Brian Boru, 115; Locust, 115;
Tabler, 114; Wilfred, 115; St. Luke, 114; Barnam,
116; Dalesman, 108; Bronzomarte, 107; Monmouth,
106; lb. 104 b.

Third Race-Purse \$250; selling allowances; one nile Lancaster, 115; Satisfaction, 110; Bully Brown, 10; Little Fellow H, 197; Vevay, 197; Blossed, 103; Lahewood, 105; Statishern, 105; Utopian, 105; Racelor, 101; Pegasus, 103; Pirato, 102; Greenfield, 100; Fittle Race-Purse \$500; selling allowances; seven-ogiths of a mile-Trifler, 115; Sandy, 110; Gallas Dan, 110; Hatterster, 115; Sandy, 110; Gallas Dan, 110; Fieldy, 11; Caswood, 105; Count Lina, 104; Jelmont, 101; Fastka, 100; Pirate, 100; Avery, 100; B. his wife's throat from ear to ear. She died in a short time. She had only been over one week. The murderer has been arrested.

Blue Coats After Game Rations. U. S. Army Men Tell Hunting Tales in The SUNDAY WOL

O'CLOCK.

Mystery Behind the Fearful Death of James Mahoney.

His Gashed and Bruised Body Found on the Sidewalk.

What Befel Him After He and His Friend Parted Last Night.

Theory That He Was Thrown or Fell from a Roof.

Seldom has a tale of death, more weirdly increating than the following engaged the atten

At 10,30 o'clock last night Policeman Clarkin of the West Forty-seventh street Station, walking west through Fifty-fifth street, between Sixth and Seventh avenues, found the dead body of a young man lying in the middle of the sid

walk. side of the forehead. The crimson fluid bad matted his hair and stained the sidewalk. It streaked his face, giving it a ghastly appear-

matted his hair and stained the sidewalk. It streaked his face, giving it a ghastly appearance.

The body was quite warm and all the color had not left the dead man's face.

The blood was still lukewarm.

The officer's first impression was that murder had been committed.

He glanced hastily around, but there was not a soul in sight.

There is a stable within twenty feet of the spot where the body was found, but when Policemen Clarkin glanced toward it there was no one of the stablemen at the open door through which a streak of gaslight streamed.

The body was so warm that Clarkin could not be positive that every spark of life was extinct. He summoned an ambulance, and one came from the Roosevelt Hospital.

The surgeon knelt beside the blood-stained figure in the street, and then pronounced him dead.

In addition to the wound in the forehead be found that the young man's right arm was broken at the wrist, his right leg broken at the ankle and the entire right side badly bruised.

There was a big blood blister under the right eye and abrasions on the neck.

The surgeon said the man had either fallen from a height or been severely beaten.

He left the body lying in the street.

A crowd of people assembled, while Clarkin went to the police station in Forty-seventh street, near Ninth avenue, for a stretcher.

With three companions he returned to the station-house with it.

Then it was stretched on the floor in the back room, and while a group of stern-visaged policemen stood around the clothing was examined.

The dead man wore a good checked coat and vest of a brown color and a well-made pair of gray trousers.

His shoes were laced and sound.

He had on brown stockings, white underwear, a white shirt, white stand-up collar and a well-made pair of gray trousers.

a white shirt, white stand-up collar and a white tie.

There was not a cent of money found in his pockets, nor a bit of jewelry on his person.

All he had about him was a common padiock key, a copy of a newspaper and a part of an envelope on which the following was:

The names ending the first and second line ere not completed names, as the envelope had een torn across, taking some letters off with

were not completed names, as the envelope had been torn across, taking some letters off with the piece torn away.

With this slight clue Police Capt. Killiles and Detectives Riley, Mctinley and Bourke set out to identify the dead man.

It was then 1 o'clock in the morning.

At 9 o'clock to-day they returned to the station-house just as an Eventine Monto reporter arrived there, and had with them Andrew Mackin, who drives a coach for Broker John Downey, of 28 East Fifty-sixth street.

Mr. Mackin lives at 877 Seventh avenue,
He identified the dead man as his cousin,
James Mahoney, age twenty-four, who he said sometimes slept at his house and sometimes in O. S. Bailey's Van Corlear's Stables, at 147 and 149 West Fifty-fifth street, within twenty feet of which Mahoney was found last night.

Elsekin said to Detective Riley: "Mahoney has been with me, off and on, in New York since Jamuary. My wife is dying, and he has worked my job for me, driving Mr. Downey's cab.

"He worked all day yesterday. I was with him for two hours last night until about 9 o'clock. He was intoxicated. He left me to go to the stables. He used to sleep in the stables, though it was against the rule.

"Was he a diruking man?" asked the detective.

"Yes. He has been arrested once or twice for

tive.

Yes. He has been arrested once or twice for intoxication. He was a steady drinker, but was intoxication. He was a steady not quarrelsome. "Where did he live?" asked the reporter. "Where did he live?" asked the reporter. "His home is in Babylon, L. L. where his "His home is a live."

"His home is in Babylon, L. L. where his father and mother lives."
Had he been courting any girl in this neigh-borhood?" "Has he had a quarrel around here recently?"
asked the reporter.
"No quarrel. He had a few words in a saloon near Fifty-fifth street on Seventh avenue about a week ago, but it did not amount to anything."
"Do you think he has been murdered?" asked

"Do you think he has been murdered?" asked the reporter.
"I don't know," he replied, dubiously.
The detectives think he fell off the roof of a house addoming the stables, right in front of where his bedy was found.
To substantiate this theory, they called the re-porter's attention to the fact that his injuries were all on the right side: that he was lying on his right side when Policeman Clarkin found him.

his right side when Policeman Clarkin found him.

Finally they found on the sole of his shoes a red paint like they paint tin roofs with.

The reporter went to the house 153 Wast Fifty-flith street, which adjoins the stables.

The roof is uninted red, except where it slants to the street at an angle of about 45 degrees, and that is slated.

There were some slight indications of some one having slipped down this roof.

No one about the stable could be found who had seen him drunk or sober after the hour Mackin says he left him last night, and no one could be found who saw any signs of a scuffe.

Tigers at the Base and Tea Groves on the sides of the Himalayar. Read THE SUNDAY WORLD.

Pickaniumies in Bondage. See THE SUNDAY WORLD. To Release O'Brica and Harrington SEPECIAL CABLE TO THE EVENING WORLD. DUBLIN, May i. -Orders for the release of

Editor William O'Brien and Mr. Timothy Har-rington were issued to the jail authorities to-Do You Drink Tea ! Well. THE SUNDAY WORLD